

## Unlikely Magic

When I got the news of my dying,  
the apartment presented another disaster.

Buzzed the doctor, assuming he received  
the same vile report. "Ah yes," he

purred, "couldn't be worse." I can't leave  
this chaos behind. "Don't you have friends  
to lend a hand?" Yeah, but they're not much

into final trips. Knowing I'd never  
be ready in time, refused to leave.

Period. So the place still looks like shit  
and most things have remained lost. Amen.  
For years now. Amen encore.